

Good Morning 327

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Secret Cinemas are busy now

(From Charles Gretton)

"It was in that news film," the woman said. "I saw my boy. He was just getting into his aeroplane, and turned round to wave. It was in that scene where..."

The cinema manager makes a note of the scene. The news-reel is only loaned. It is not his property. And even if he would, he cannot give this eager mother a private showing of the film which gives her a glimpse of her boy.

This is not an isolated case. From war films in Italy, from news-reels and M.O.I. full-lengthers, come requests from parents, wives and sweethearts. At each request the news-reel men and the staff of the Ministry of Information Films Department go on a hunt. The task is almost overwhelming.

One identification was too slight, and the Ministry officials invited the parents to come to their private theatre, where the film could be run through for them to indicate the scene where their son had appeared.

When the mother pointed to the screen the projector was stopped and the length of film examined. News-reel film is only 35-millimetres in width, and it is not always possible to get a good enlargement from this when a suitable negative has been made. The film itself, of course, is a "positive," and a print cannot be taken direct from it.

MANY RELATIVES HELPED.

This service is not part of the work of the Film Unit. The men and women of the department have been doing it as an extra service. If the number of appeals increases much more the machinery will break down. Requests are still coming in from loved ones who have seen their boy in such films as "Troopship," "Target for To-night," and "Coastal Command," as well as the news-reels.

This little cinema is only one of Britain's wartime hush-hush theatres. The British Board of Film Censors have one, where all films are censored before showing. There is another in Whitehall, in a beige-and-blue hall that used to be the drawing-room of the Duke of Buccleuch's town house. Now it is a secret cinema used by Supreme Command and members of the War Cabinet.

The Air Ministry has another—it was built at a cost of only £4,300, and is used for the dramatic showing of many films of a highly secret nature, followed by secret

discussions on them. To keep down the cost, many of the seats in this private theatre have been salvaged from a blitzed London cinema.

CENSOR'S TOUGH JOB.

Toughest job of all is that of the film censors, who have to hand out the "U" and "A" certificates. In one twelve-month period alone they had to sit through 5,424,000 feet, embracing 1,862 subjects!

In that time, 22 subjects, amounting to 88,560 feet, were rejected, and 15 films were held up for consideration by the publishing film companies.

These 22 films, which were turned down and totally rejected for public exhibition in this country, were all seen by the censors in their private cinema.

Some were turned down because of comic treatment of religious subjects. Others for unacceptable vulgarity, or sordid brutal themes.

"LITTLE CINE" BOOM.

Work in these secret cinemas is being cut now that, owing to the shortage of film stock, fortunes are being made from the revival of almost-forgotten pictures. Seven- and eight-year-old masterpieces are packing the smaller cinemas in a boom.

These little theatres can take £300-£400 a week. In London alone there are more than 40 of them showing revivals.

"The Four Feathers," "Dangerous Moonlight," "Beau Geste," and the "Grapes of Wrath," are among revivals at little cinemas; and to-day the little cinemas, short of staff, with managers booking seats and answering telephone calls, are far less worried about their programmes than the big theatres which are troubled by the picture famine.

Not all the "private" cinemas are secret. No fewer than 150 mobile official cinemas go about the country visiting factories and country villages showing 12,000,000 people a year what are called "non-theatrical" films.

In one private cinema where these films are pre-viewed, I have just sat through a two-hour selection of these films which, in addition to the mobile cinemas, are also lent out at the rate of 80,000 hirings a year to the private cinemas of factories which have their own projectors and private cinemas. These shows are free, and the films are called "non-theatrical" because they must not compete with the commercial cinemas.

Censors and news-reel experts who have to watch many thousands of feet of news-reels every week, have instituted a big cut in their work in private cinemas. News-reel companies now share their master negatives, and this means about 30,000 feet of film saved every week—practically a 33 1-3rd per cent. saving.

Where two small cinemas are in nearby streets, only one copy of the news-reel is sent. One cinema might show the news at 6.30, while the partner house might put it on an hour later.

W. H. Millier Gives Inside Dope

THIS "TECHNICAL K.O." IS A RACKET

WHEN giving the result of a contest in London recently the B.B.C. news reader announced the decision as a "technical knock-out." Of course many people have announced this decision a number of times during the past twenty years, but, if you ask them to define exactly what they mean, I doubt if any of them could give a satisfactory answer.

In plain English, there is no such thing. A man is either knocked out or he is not knocked out, and there is nothing technical about it either way.

It is one of those meaningless expressions that are perpetuated because most people are too tired or too lazy to think whether it is right or not to use it.

Some twenty odd years ago, when it first crept into our glossary of boxing terms, I did what I could to get it banned, and for a time it fell into the verbal dustbin where it belonged; but, I observe, it has been brought out and dusted afresh, as have so many worthless things during this period of false values.

The expression "technical knock-out" belongs to an earlier lease-lend importation from America. It was not as if

Langford gave to a referee, at a time when it was quite the fashion for champions to argue for weeks over the choice of a ruling official. This referee said to Langford, "I notice that you don't waste time arguing over which referee you want to handle your fights."

"No, boss. You see, when I go into the ring I take my own referee with me." That brought an incredulous smile. "Yes," added Langford, "my referee is my own good right hand."

Langford was certainly a knock-out artist, but here you had no mere slogger. He was a skilful boxer in every sense and used to work for his knock-out in a manner that had to be seen to be fully realised.

The mere fact of placing too much stress upon the value of the knock-out has led to the decline of skill in boxing.

It should not have to do so, of course, but the reason is that so many people have erroneously swallowed the idea that a knock-out is achieved by brute strength rather than by skill.

SKILL V. SLOGGING. That wrong idea meant encouraging the slap-dash slogger, who can always be beaten by the skilful boxer. It is astonishing still to run across boxers, who really should know better, honestly believing that a knock-out is a matter of luck either way.

True, there are occasionally knock-outs that are mere flukes, but more often they have to be worked for by dint of reducing the opponent to that state which makes him a ready victim to the punch that places the issue beyond all doubt.

The terrific swipe that would seemingly knock a trolley-bus over an embankment is not the sort of punch that scores a knock-out. Perfect timing is the secret.

Jim Driscoll could score a knock-out by a turn of the wrist with a punch that travelled no more than six inches. It may not be the perfect analogy, but I may quote an instance in another connection which should serve to drive home the point.

The idler watching a gang of navvies at work may not always be wasting his time. I recall seeing an enormous navvy trying to break a paving stone with a 7lb. sledge-hammer. He whirled his hammer full circle and merely succeeded in bruising the surface.

A very small Welshman, just about half the size of the navvy, was also looking on. "Excuse me, mate," said the little man, "but would you like me to show you how to break that in two halves?"

TAP DOES IT. The navy was so astonished that he was evidently beaten for a suitable reply, which was, for that was the boxer whom they could not knock out.

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If you saw him to-day you would be surprised to be told that he had spent so many years as a professional boxer. He has none of the trade marks.

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Newton said he would stake his reputation as an instructor on his ability to produce a boxer who could not be knocked-out. He did not mean that he would find a cast-iron man with an unbreakable jaw. No, he meant that he would teach a boxer to defend himself so skilfully that nobody would be able to land effectively on his jaw.

How well the old man succeeded is known to all those who were interested in the game about twenty years ago. He did not pick on any clever young boxer. No sooner had he made his resolve than he began to put his idea to work.

The first youngster he saw was the youth who delivered his morning milk. Newton propounded his scheme to the young roundsman who, happily, fell in with the idea, and they started to work.

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GROCER ASHORE

The Sea-green Grocer

PART XIV

"NO, Hairy, I won't go ashore with you no more," said Reginald Pybus primly. "You go plumb daft once you get a bellyful of lush, and get other people into a bother. Look at the way you pinched that fat lady's arm when we was surfing-bathing in Sydney, and then said it was me done it."

"Twas mistaken identity, not ponjola, that done it," protested the Irishman. "She was that plump I tuk her for Mither Whalebelly, so I did."

"That's a lie, that is," said the grocer coldly. "If you'd really thought it was the mate you wouldn't have dared to nip her arm."

"Maybe I've nipped bigger men than Ferdinand Whalebelly, and got no harm by it," Hairy Butler hinted affably. "Ye can't downface me wid that, Queer Fella."

"What about that mahogany hat-rack you brought aboard in Shanghai," persisted Pybus. "The one the police came after next day?"

"Mistaken identity agen," said the Irishman glibly. "At the time of the alleged outrage me affther end was brought to an anchor in the Flying Angel Mission, scoffing tea and buns to beat the band. And bether buns I never hope to ate," he added, rolling his eyes heavenward in a manner which imparted all the solemnity of an affidavit to his simple statement.

"I didn't say you wasn't," the grocer hastened to point out. "I said I was going ashore by myself. The darzee wallah's bringing off my white suit in a few minutes, and then I'm going uptown alone."

"Ye're quare and proud of ye're new suit, aren't ye?" growled Hairy Butler maliciously. "Ye'd not bend it on wid such joobulent speed if ye knew the histhry of it. Them darzees goes round the back doors of hospitals, buying them cheap when sick sailors ship their cables. The big topee cocked up on ye're head has the same port of register."

"I don't believe you," blurted Pybus, with unusual heat. For months he had secretly hankered after drill suits, and had deliberately chosen the largest sun-helmet in a pedlar's bag. His shipmates had hailed it joyfully as a "pram," which the grocer had imagined to be the Hindustani word for this form of headgear. He discovered later that it meant

the tiny dinghy carried by Scandinavian vessels for working round the hull in dock. The Irishman's banter had touched him on a very tender spot; encouraged by the grocer's blushes, Hairy Butler returned to the attack.

"It's up in the Bristhol Hotel, ye'll see the Queer Fella," he assured the grinning bystanders, "dhrinking rum and mint joolips wid the quality. I may have me faults," he continued loudly, "but sinful pride is not amongst them. I'm going down to Kidderpore meself, for a nice cool pot of palm toddy wid Liverpool Billy. He's a decent poor man wid ribs ye could rattle a shittick on, like a jackeen on a row of iron railings; but he'd give ye a dhrink for the shirt off ye're back, if ye'd nothing else to pay wid. And that's more than ye're burra sahibs would do for ye up in Chowringhee!"

The grocer maintained a dignified silence, disdainfully watching his shipmates cluster round the mate's cabin for their evening quinine and gin. The last of them had slouched forward licking his lips, before Pybus condescended to present himself at Whalebelly's door. His ill-humour vanished when he received Calvert's tot in addition to his own, the silent sailor having failed to make an appearance.

The "Herod Antipas" was moored immediately below Howrah Bridge; from her foc'sle head one might have tossed a biscuit into the stream of bullock carts, gharries and rickshas bumping and trundling ceaselessly from bank to bank. Like a dragonfly, a small boat hung and darted beneath the incongruously occidental steel-work of the long bridge, on the look-out for the bloated bodies of up-country peasants whose kinsmen had cut down funeral expenses by committing them to the Hooghli. Although the fascinated Pybus had spent hours watching this grim salvage, he had not accepted the Professor's invitation to witness the finish of it at the neighbouring burning ghat.

The old tramp lay clutched in that stagnant mass of sampans and dinghies which must surely have inspired the legend of the Sargasso Sea. So densely were they clustered that any plying of oars was out of the question; the native boatmen clawed their tortuous course with boathooks, worming between the craft of their confreres like small boys through a football crowd. A miasma of bluish wood smoke rose slowly from a thousand cooking fires, and the evening air tingled with the pungent spices in the curry pots.

Astern of the "Herod Antipas" the ships stretched in

By Jaspar Power

procession, far down the yellow river. All sorts and conditions of ships, drawn up abreast, three by three, as though ranked to advance at some stentorian command. Angular, self-made Americans rubbed shoulders with elderly Italians, courtly and graceful with their old-world fiddle bows. Pole-masted Germans rested stolidly cheek by jowl with Japanese, whose names were like haphazard splashes of white paint.

Like a column of armoured knights they waited, mustered for some cosmopolitan crusade, with house flags fluttering from their lance-like masts. Blazoned proudly on their funnels they bore the living heraldry of the sea: red rings of Clan and white of British India, blue and white of Brocklebank, and the unrelieved black of P. & O. Overhead wheeled the kites, like vultures scent-

ing slaughter, hurtling down in fell swoops each time unwary sailors attempted the deck with unprotected plates of food from the galley.

It was a bad fever year, even for Calcutta, and the dinghy which ferried Pybus ashore was heavily down by the stern, thanks to the presence of Ferdinand Whalebelly. The fat mate spent his days navigating ships down to the leading berths in Kidderpore, when they had finished discharging at the jetties. The hospitals were choked with officers and engineers from the river, and the whole business of the port was only saved from dislocation by requisitioning the services of each fresh arrival before he went down in his turn.

Pausing only to tilt the maligned topee to the back of his head, Pybus stuck his hands in his pockets and set out for the city. After shipping his sea-legs, the most necessary faculty for the young sailor to cultivate is his bump of locality,

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



OPEN-AIR DRESSING-ROOM.

They are dancers of South Bali, near Den Pasar, and they are making up for the popular dance called Djanger. Every girl dresses for the affair in the open air. Before she puts on her top dress she is swathed from hips to armpits, as you see one being done here. Her hair is dressed with frangipani flowers. Two big metal discs are hung from her ear lobes. Her eyebrows and forehead are painted. Then she is ready, and there is no poise like the Djanger dancers.

JANE

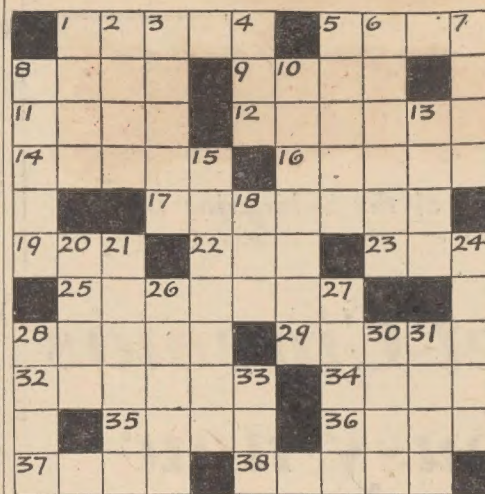
The next morning the visitors to the club are dismissed with a nominal fine for drinking after hours...



...But Jane, Boloney and the manager are detained on a more serious charge



CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Chopped.
- 5 Surfeit.
- 8 Attempt to hit.
- 9 Stem.
- 11 Very brief.
- 12 Infringes.
- 14 Girl's name.
- 16 Ship's crane.
- 17 Set of rules.
- 19 Wait.
- 22 Front.
- 23 Vied.
- 25 Acid liquid.
- 28 Sudden difficulty.
- 29 Porter's room.
- 32 Football team.
- 34 Tender spot.
- 35 Bathing place.
- 36 Wrinkle.
- 37 Rattles.
- 38 Senior member.

C. TAPERING
ANIMAL SURD
PERU FASTER
AWASH GUSTO
C. DEAL E. NW
ICE WIT WAS
TO W DACE I
ARRAY CLEAN
TRIVET IDLE
EASE HOVELS
LESSENED S

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Plunging sound.
- 2 Desolate.
- 3 Equatic animal.
- 4 Recede.
- 5 Subdued light.
- 6 Goes.
- 7 Big match.
- 8 Stint.
- 10 Number.
- 13 Cows.
- 15 Cut.
- 18 Actor's insertion.
- 20 Elliptical.
- 21 Very well.
- 24 Happening.
- 26 Scottish Ben.
- 27 Rugged.
- 28 Lengths.
- 30 Finished.
- 31 Forced smile.
- 33 Incline.

and the grocer was no exception to this rule. As yet he was far from possessing that uncanny instinct which would lead Old Dick or Hairy Butler straight to their natural haunts in a strange port, but as he walked along he noted almost subconsciously such landmarks as the turbanned sentries at the gates of Government House and the stone elephants outside the Great Eastern Hotel.

From the corner of his mouth projected an immense cheroot, like the jib-boom of a miniature schooner. The grocer had bought a hundred of them for a couple of shillings, and he was blissfully aware of the opulent clouds which eddied in his wake. Trusting in his civilian whites, he felt at one with the passing Europeans; no one could suspect him of being a mere deck-hand, dressed like that. The Captain had not forgotten his prowess in subduing the Malay; in the grocer's pocket lay sixty rouble notes, virgin and uncrinkled as they had left the bank. Tightening his fingers on the back of them, Pybus turned along Chowringhee, more conspicuous with his rolling gait than a policeman in Cardiff's Tiger Bay.

(To be continued.)

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Death-watch is the name of the furniture beetle which makes an uncanny ticking noise in the night. The larva burrows in the furniture, and you will sometimes find hundreds of pinholes made by the creature in old chairs and pieces. After three years it becomes a little brown insect with a talent for shamming dead. The ticking sound is caused by the beetles striking the wood of their galleries with their heads, which is a call to the mate.



Officer: "What's all this mess, my man? Where's the sergeant?"
Recruit: "Underneath that lot, sir."

Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined.
Anna Barbauld
(1743-1825).

QUIZ for today

1. Ruma is idle gossip, muscle-stiffness, Egyptian soup, a drink, a game, a Zulu girl's name?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9?
3. What is grown in a "paddy" field?
4. Who was the first Archbishop of Canterbury?
5. Who lived first, Wordsworth or Milton?
6. In which regiment is every Presbyterian presented with a Bible?
7. Name the two brothers who built the first practical balloon.
8. What film company has a lion for a trade-mark?
9. In what sport is the Wightman Cup an award?
10. Why is it considered unlucky to sit 13 at a table?
11. What is the difference between (a) a calendar, (b) a calendar, (c) a colander?
12. How many human blood-groups are there?

Answers to Quiz in No. 326

1. Ancient chess piece.
2. 27 is divisible by 3; others are not.
3. Irish cudgel.
4. Yorkshire.
5. Gold.
6. 17/21st Lancers.
7. Four inverted chevrons surmounted by a drum.
8. Cary Grant.
9. No.
10. Sargasso Sea, in mid-Atlantic.
11. System of identification by finger-prints.
12. An ordinance is a law; ordnance means artillery.

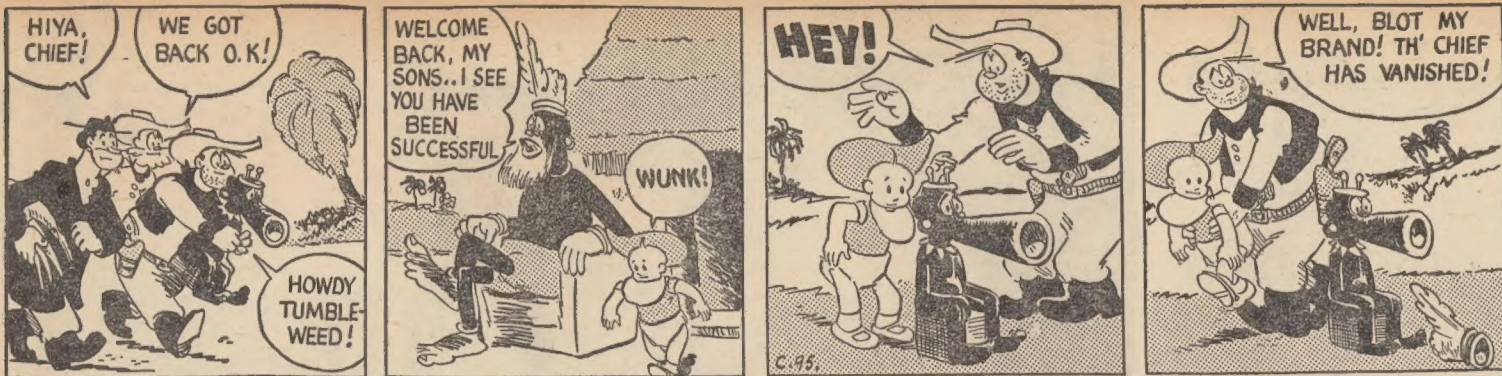
WANGLING WORDS—275

1. Put a word in PROCE and make it utter.
2. In the following proverb both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it? Rof nam dan on mite atiwi diet.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: FOOT into HEAD and back into FOOT again, without using the same word twice.
4. What vessel is hidden in this sentence? A single foolish escapade can terminate a promising career. (The required letters will be found together and in their right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 274

1. LaburnUM.
2. AUSTRALASIA.
3. OVER, OWER, OWES, AWES, APES, APED, SPED, SEED, MEED, MEAD, MEAT, SEAT, SEAS.
4. CLUB, CLUE, SLUE, SLUT, SLIT, SUIT.
5. DARK, DARE, DAME, DAMS, DAYS.
6. LONG, LONE, LORE, LORD, LOAD, ROAD.
7. Far-a-day.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



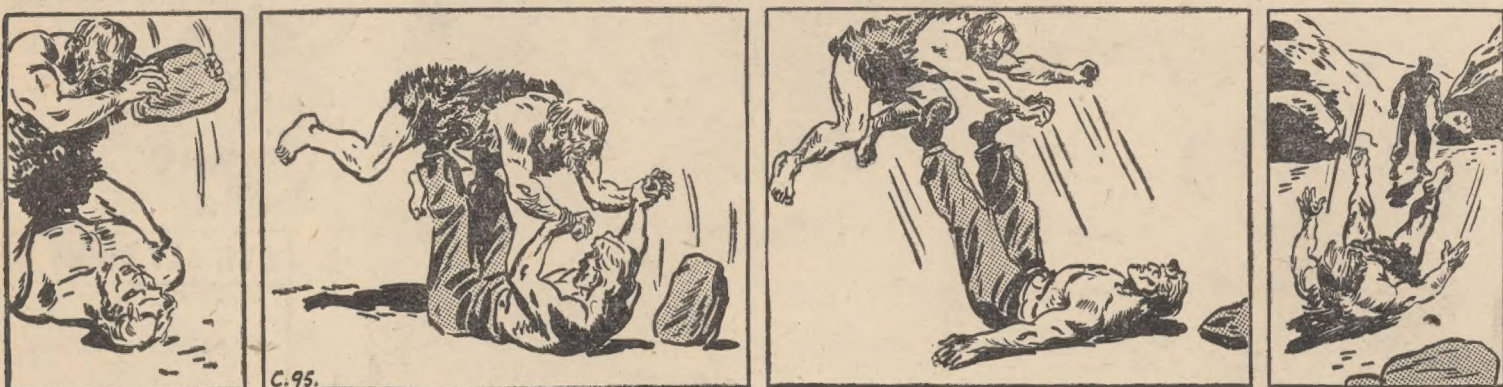
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

WE DID NOT REALISE.

WHEN deciding war to be far better than to allow our altars and all to be kicked over by perverses and morons, much that was inherent in the choice was not seen at the time. Good people, therefore, are now appalled because, when getting rid of German war factories, we also get rid of women and children; yet evidently it has become a plain duty to destroy those factories. . . . Few people, even in Whitehall, bothered much about the hidden implications of simple facts till London was burning. That the facts also pointed to the destruction of Berlin was also unnoticed, if we go by the speeches of Nazi leaders.

H. M. Tomlinson (War Correspondent and Author).

A LAND POLICY.

LAND is a vital national asset, and it is scarce. Indeed, it is so scarce that there is less than one acre of land per head of population. In these circumstances we cannot afford to waste it. The claims of agriculture and of industry, of housing and of recreation, must be examined and balanced one against the other. Failure to do so in the past gave us the straggling, pitiless squalor of the Black Country. Failure to do so in the future might despoil the wind-swept splendour of the Sussex Downs.

Peter Thorneycroft, M.P.

LITERATURE TO-DAY.

I CANNOT help wondering whether European literature has ever contended with such difficulties as face it at present: a society that denies paper to the creative writer, while reproducing in quintuplicate some trivial instruction on Army latrines.

Simon Harcourt-Smith.

VITAL EXPORTS (1).

AFTER the war our export trade will have to be given a very high priority over everything else, and our merchants and industrialists will have to be active and full of initiative in all the markets of the world. Our own domestic problems can only be solved through an expansion of international trade and through international co-operation. . . . Plans for social security, better education, and healthy agriculture depend in the final analysis on the expansion of our export trade.

Richard Law, M.P. (Minister of State).

VITAL EXPORTS (2).

WHY must we increase exports? To pay for imports of food. Why must we import food? Because imported food is cheaper than home-grown. Why do we want cheaper food? Because wages must be kept down so that we can increase exports. Why must we increase exports? . . .

Dafydd Jenkins.

STRATEGIC BOMBING.

BECAUSE we were doubtful about the psychological effect of propagandist distortion of the truth that it was we who started the strategic bombing offensive, we have shrunk from giving our great decision of May, 1940, the publicity which it deserved. (On May 11, 1940, a force of 18 Whitley bombers attacked railway installations in Western Germany.) That surely was a mistake. It was a splendid decision. It was as heroic, as self-sacrificing, as Russia's decision to adopt her policy of "scorched earth." It gave Coventry and Birmingham, Sheffield and Southampton, the right to look Kief and Kharkov, Stalingrad and Sebastopol, in the face. Our Soviet Allies would have been less critical of our inactivity in 1942 if they had understood what we had done.

J. M. Spaight, C.B., C.B.E.

RETRIBUTION.

RETRIBUTION is always followed by a reaction in favour of the accused, which may, if it has anything to feed on, reach enormous proportions. It may even discredit as arbitrary an act which was fundamentally justified, and discredit at the same time not merely those who perpetrated it, but the system of law under which they acted. Extremely rare are the historic cases in which a man executed for political reasons has not subsequently become a martyr.

C. V. Wedgwood.

RUSSIA.

SOVIET Russia has been interpreted to us from a multitude of angles and by a multitude of writers, whose only common quality has been their complete lack of fitness and training for the work involved. The Lilliput of 1939 has swollen into the Brobdingnag of 1944; but Lilliput and Brobdingnag were alike in being works of the imagination. Meanwhile, Russia exists—a real existence in space and time, stretching in the latter dimension from Stalin to the half-legendary Rurik . . . a thousand years and more of unbroken history.

Max Beloff.

Good
Morning



FINE
FEATHERS

★ Yet the film was called
"Stormy Weather."
★ Well, you never know,
you know.



FEATHERLESS

So Father has to do an extra spot
of food-hunting.



★ *This
England* ★
Sunshine and shadow.
Looking up the High
Street in Chipping
Campden, in the
Cotswolds.



AN OLD DOG FOR A HARD ROAD

"Now, if only you'd done what I told you, we might have had fish for
supper!"



SNIFF!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I scent a visitor."

